



mean 'sent me a quotation
the bill."

— George M. and wife

A MUCH ADMIRER SONG CALLED THE DRIAN NAUN DON

By road and by river the wild birds do
sing
Over mountains & valleys the dense leaves
spring
The gay leaves are shining gilt &c by
the sun
And how sweet smell the blossoms of the
Drian-naun-don

The wraith of the ferry & the cule of the
boa
In splendor its beauty it decks them all over
And down in the valley the merry stream
run
And the fairest of all is the Drian-naun-
don

And down in the valley the wild birds do
sing
The soft wind was blowing in the green trees
among
The mountains shone bright by the red
setting sun
And myl vein my arms neither Drian-naun-
don

It is well I remember of a soft spring
day
When I sat by her side in a sweet scented
spray
The day that she told me her heart I had
won
Beneath the sweet blossoms of the Drian-
naun don

It is my prayer in the morning and my
dreams through the night
For to see this again with my own heart's
delight
Her blue eyes of gladness & her hair like
the sun
And the sweet melting kisses by the Drian-
naun don

